

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

OCT.
10¢
NO. 9



☆
IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE GENERAL'S
LAST STAND!**



FAWCETT COMICS WHEEL OF FORTUNE~

EVERY ONE A WINNER!



10c ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10c



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



CARDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A GAME OF SKILL AND CHANCE! BUT IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, THE ONLY SKILL MOST OF THE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS WERE INTERESTED IN WAS THE CROOKED ART OF REMOVING THE ELEMENT OF CHANCE FROM THE GAME! WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL AND TWO-GUN MASTER OF THE BULLWHIP, LASH LARUE, EXPOSES ONE OF THESE MARKED CARD SHARKS, HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S MARKED FOR DEATH!

LATE ONE NIGHT, AS LASH LARUE RIDES THROUGH A STRANGE TOWN---

"YOU MUST BE THIRSTY, BLACK DIAMOND, AFTER ALL THE DISTANCE WE COVERED TODAY! I SEE A LIGHT IN A BUILDING UP THE ROAD! MAYBE I CAN GET YOU SOME WATER THERE!"



"WHY I HAVE SOME WATER? MY HORSE IS THIRSTY!"



"YOU'LL FIND SOME IN THE BACK ROOM!"



AS LASH HEADS FOR THE BACK ROOM---



"THIS HOMBRE HAS AN ARMFUL OF CARDS!"



"NO ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND GAMBLES, BUT THOSE WHO DO SHOULD AT LEAST MAKE SURE THEY'RE NOT PLAYING WITH CHEATERS!"

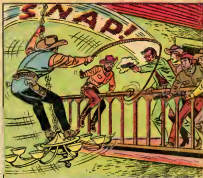






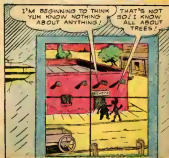






DUSTY..*in* THE SHERIFF'S PAYOFF









Boys! Girls! Drink
"ROCKY" LANE'S
 favorite
 malted milk...

"ROCKY" LANE

and Black Jack

Top action stars of
 Republic Pictures.
 See this world fa-
 mous Western
 team at your fa-
 vorite movie.



and get this sensational
TRIPLE-ACTION

**EXPLORER'S
 SUN WATCH**

Only **20¢**

and 1 Carnation Malted Milk Label



ACTUAL SIZE
 1 1/4" diam.



1 SUN DIAL

Gives correct
 time at a glance.
 Folding arm.
 Genuine gold-
 flashed brass case.



2 COMPASS

Perfect for hikes,
 camping trips.
 Accurate, de-
 pendable. Sealed
 in face of sun dial.

**3 DAY AND NIGHT
 SIGNALLING DEVICES**

For nighttime mes-
 sages—amazing lum-
 inous plastic dial
 glows in dark after
 exposure to light. For
 daytime messages—
 use non-breakable
 mirror on back.



**I DRINK
 CARNATION**

TWO FLAVORS—
 Chocolate and Natural
 in Thrifty 5-oz. Jars.



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS with this remarkable
 triple-action Explorer's Sun Watch. Not
 a toy—but 3 real, scientifically-designed
 instruments in 1! Be the first to own this
 sensational watch. Order today.

AND SAY, PARD'NER, take a tip from your
 pals "Rocky" Lane and Black Jack.
 "Rocky" says, "A Carnation Malt is a
 real he-man drink, chock full of two-
 folded energy and eatin' pleasure." Get
 Mom to give you Carnation Malts often.
 They're a cinch to make right at home
 anytime. Tell her to get a jar today—and
 be sure to send for your Explorer's Sun
 Watch at once.

Mail this coupon TODAY!

CARNATION MALTED MILK
 P. O. Box 142, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me..... Explorer's Sun Watch(es). For each
 watch I enclose 30¢ and 1 Carnation Malted Milk label.
 (Be sure to send label from front of jar.)

NAME..... (Please print clearly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Offer expires March 26, 1951 and is limited to U.S.A. only)

MOLASSES MOUTH



"DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING"





1¢



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FRANK M. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19104

QUIZ..

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN ANSWER THEM ALL... SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT - EXCELLENT... 4 CORRECT - VERY GOOD... 3 CORRECT - GOOD... 2 CORRECT - FAIR... 1 CORRECT - POOR GO TO IT!

1. A MAN COULD SWALLOW YOUR EGGED IN ONE SWALLOW.

☐ True ☐ False



2. ZACHARY TAYLOR, THE TWELFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WAS BORN ON NOV. 24, 1784.

☐ True ☐ False



3. BROWN AND RAINBOW ARE DIFFERENT TYPES OF TROUT.

☐ True ☐ False



4. TEXAS WAS THE 28TH STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

☐ True ☐ False

5. CUTE IS A NICKNAME FOR A SHORT CARPENTER.

☐ True ☐ False



ANSWERS: 1 - TRUE 2 - FALSE 3 - TRUE 4 - TRUE 5 - FALSE

Lash LARUE

in

JUSTICE'S CONSCIENCE

FASTER, BLACK DIAMOND!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT VAMANT,
WHOMEVER HE IS, BEFORE
HE GETS US!

BANG!
BANG!

ZIP!

ZING!

WHOA, BLACK DIAMOND! IT LOOKS AS
IF THOSE SHOTS WEREN'T MEANT FOR
US AFTER ALL! IT WAS JUST
TARGET PRACTICE — BUT
MIGHTY DANGEROUS
PRACTICE AT THAT!

EXCUSE ME, OLD
TIMBER, BUT I'D
SUGGEST YOU DO
YOUR SHOOTING
SOME OTHER
PLACE! YOU'RE
TOO NEAR THE
TRAIL HERE AND
YOU'RE LIABLE
TO HIT SOME
INNOCENT
PASSERBY!

I MEANT NO
HARM! I'LL STOP
RIGHT AWAY! BUT
I'D LIKE TO ASK
A FAVOR! IF
YOU'RE HEADING
FOR TOWN,
MAYBE YOU
COULD GIVE AN
OLD MAN A
LIFT!

Later, in town —

WELL, HERE'S THE HOTEL!
NOW YOU CAN GET YOUR-
SELF A ROOM
AS YOU
PLANNED!

THANKS FOR
THE RIDE!

MAYBE SOME DAY
I'LL BE ABLE TO DO
YOU A FAVOR!

TULSA
JAIL

HOTEL





Later, at the Bar Double-T —

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHASE?
Y'UN LOOK AS IF Y'UN JUST
SAW A GHOST!

WORSE THAN
THAT! I JUST
SAW PLATT! HE'S
RETURNED TO TULSA,
GILBEY!

SO WHAT? THAT'S
NOTHING TO GET
EXCITED ABOUT!
HE'S GOT NOTHING
AGAINST US!

EVER SINCE WE ROBBED HIM SO
WE COULD TAKE OVER THE RANCH,
MY CONSCIENCE HAS BEEN
TORMENTING ME! THE LEAST
WE COULD DO IS RETURN THE
MONEY WE STOLE FROM HIM!

IF WE DID
THAT, WE'D
KNOW FOR
SURE WE
STOLE THE
MONEY
FROM
HIM!

BUT WE'VE GOT
TO DO SOME-
THING! MY
CONSCIENCE IS
KILLING ME!

IF Y'UN EVER GO NEAR PLATT,
IT WON'T BE Y'ORE CONSCIENCE
THAT'LL KILL Y'UN — IT'LL BE ME!
NOW STOP WHIMING AND
GO TO SLEEP!

During the night —

I'LL TAKE JUST THE
AMOUNT HE STOLE
FROM PLATT! I'LL THINK OF SOME
REASON ON THE WAY TO THE HOTEL
TO SAY WHY I'M GIVING HIM THE
MONEY WITHOUT GIVING
GILBEY AND ME AWAY!

Later —

PLATT NEVER EVEN
SUSPECTED WHY I
GAVE HIM THE MONEY!
HE REALLY THINKS IT WAS JUST
BECAUSE WE WANTED TO SEE
HIM GET A START IN LIFE
AGAIN! NOW MAYBE MY
CONSCIENCE WON'T
BOTHER ME!

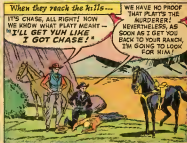
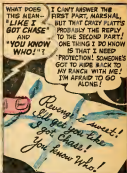
NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO
THE BAR DOUBLE-T! I JUST
REMEMBERED, I LEFT THE SAFE
OPEN AND I WANT TO CLOSE IT
BEFORE GILBEY SEES IT AND
GUESSES WHAT I DID!

But it's too late for that!

THAT CRAZY FOOL, CHASE!
IT'S OBVIOUS TO
ME WHAT HE
WAS UP TO —







THIS NOTE WAS WRITTEN BY THE SAME PERSON WHO WROTE THE OTHER ONE! THAT PROVES PLATT DIDN'T WRITE IT!

The proof you've been looking for can be found under the safe at the Bar Double-T! If you go there now you'll be able to search in peace! No one will be there!

IT ALSO CLEARS UP WHAT'S GOING ON! PLATT DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S WALKING INTO A DEATH TRAP!

Later, at the Bar Double-T —

EVERYTHING'S WORKED OUT PERFECTLY! THE MARSHAL LEFT ME JUST AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD WHEN WE FOUND CHASE AND NOW NYAR COMES PLATT!

NOW I'LL SHOOT HIM AND CLAIM IT WAS IN SELF-DEFENSE! NO ONE WILL QUESTION ME — THEY'LL ALL THINK HE STOLE THE MONEY AND KILLED CHASE FOR REVENGE!

But as Gilbey takes aim —

I FIGURED I'D CATCH YOU OFF GUARD IF I CAME IN THE BACK WAY —

SNAP!

— AND THANK GOODNESS, I GOT HERE BEFORE PLATT DID!

OH, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ANYONE NYAR!

CLOUT!

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T, PLATT! DO YOU WANT ME TO TELL HIM WHAT HE WOULD HAVE FOUND, GILBEY, OR WILL YOU?

I RECKON I'M NOT AS SMART AS I THOUGHT I WAS! I'LL CONFESS ALL!

LATER...

— AND WITH GILBEY'S COMPESSION IN WRITING, THE BAR DOUBLE-T RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO YIM AGAIN, PLATT!

I GUESS OUR JOB AROUND HERE IS FINISHED, BLACK DIAMOND! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL!

I SEE NOW THAT JUSTICE ALWAYS WINS OUT IN THE END!

JAILHOUSE



LASH LARUE WESTERN

GUN IN THE BACK

By Bradley Burke



WHEN he had reached his eighteenth birthday, Gary White considered himself to be quite a man. Now, with the hard nose of a Colt .45 prodding his back, he wasn't quite so sure. His palms were cold and clammy, and he knew he was scared. But he set his jaw in determination, so as not to show fear to his captors. He started singing the gayest song he knew.

"Shut up!" ordered Ned Bluster. Gary felt the pressure of the gun jabbing harder against his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Gary. "Don't you like my music? You'd better listen while you've got a chance because you won't hear any music the next time you go dancing—you'll be dancing at the end of a rope."

"You'd better corral that high-flying tongue of yours!" roared Ned. "You might just get me so fed I'd put a hole right through you!"

Gary White had to strain to keep from shivering. He knew Ned Bluster wouldn't hesitate to put a hole through anyone. The only reason Gary was still alive was that Ned wanted to use him for trading purposes. Ned Bluster and his side-kick, Montana Snipe, were two of the wildest of the wild bunch. They had once headed a band of the worst outlaws in the West. But the alert sheriff of Blue Springs had whittled down the bunch until only Ned, Montana, and one ugly rustler named Hogface were left. And now the sheriff had even nabbed Montana, who was securely caged up the Blue Springs lockup, guarded day and night. There was every reason to believe that Montana Snipe would hang for his crimes—unless his old pard, Ned Bluster did something about it.

Knowing this, Ned had kidnapped Gary White, Gary White Jr., that is! The son of the alert sheriff who had broken up the wild bunch and put Montana Snipe behind bars.

Young Gary, riding double ahead of the villainous Ned on a big roan, had considered

the possibilities of escape. He could, by a sudden backward lurch, knock Ned off the horse, he felt sure. But he also felt sure that he'd get a bullet square in his own back while he was doing it. There was no escape, at least not now. So he talked again. "If you 'don't like my singing, how would it be if I whistle?"

"I'll whistle a bullet between your ears if you don't dry up!" said Ned.

Hogface, riding alongside, growled, "Why don't you put a bullet through the maverick and hush him up for good? We can still tell the sheriff we kidnaped him and that he's still alive."

"No, sir! We can't fool that lawman!" retorted Ned, a grudging note of respect in his voice. "He'll want proof that the kid is alive before he'll turn Montana loose."

Young Gary began to chuckle.

"What's so funny?" asked Ned, irritated.

"You're a bigger fool than I thought," laughed Gary. "My Dad wouldn't make a deal with you to save my life. He'd rather see me dead than turn a rattle-snake like Montana loose. I reckon you're the biggest fool in the whole West!"

"Hush your jaws!" roared Ned.

"Do you aim to let the dogie get away with that?" asked Hogface. "He up and called you a fool twice."

"That's right," said the youth, airily. "But I take it back, Ned, you're not the biggest fool in the whole West, you're only the second biggest. Hogface is the biggest."

Hogface turned red as sunset. His big hand slapped at his holster. His gun flashed, aimed at Young Gary. But Ned, with gun already in hand, was faster. He removed the Colt from Gary's back. It spat once. A slug pierced Hogface's shoulder and the impact knocked the man from his mount. By reflex, he had squeezed his trigger, but the shot went wild. Then the gun fell from his fingers as he sprawled in the dust, yawning with pain.

Gary White Jr. grasped his opportunity. The second the Colt was removed from his back, he slipped off the horse. He dived into a clump of scrub pine and brush, beside the trail. When he was screened by the foliage, he ran like the wind. But he ran in one place. He beat his feet down hard at first, then gradually reduced the sound of the steps, softer and softer, as if he were receding in the distance. Then he grabbed a low-hanging limb and pulled himself up into a tree.

He could hear the words of the outlaw: "Ow! I'm dying! Why'd you go and shoot me?"

"You blame fool! You were going to kill the kid! Him—alive—is our only chance to save Montana from a noose!"

"Well, he made me madder than a loco bull! Hey, where you going? Come back and dress my wound? I'm bleeding to death!"

"Serves you right! I've got to corral that kid! Alive or dead!"

Gary could hear footsteps coming into the brush. He clung close to the tree. If Ned passed underneath him, he planned to spring, like a wildcat, and claw the gun from the outlaw's hand. But Ned was running, and he passed by at least six feet away from Gary's perch. When he had gone on, Young Gary slid down silently and moved back toward the trail. He saw Hogface lying in the dust, moaning, and trying with his free hand to press back the pain and the flow of blood from his shoulder. Gary crawled forward, inch by inch, and came up behind the wounded man. He tapped him on the head with a stone, not too lightly, not too hard. Hogface was unconscious. He would come to later with a slight headache, but otherwise no worse off for the tap.

"It's an anaesthetic," chuckled Gary, softly, as he ripped the unconscious man's shirt-tail and quickly fashioned an emergency dressing for the wound. He stopped the flow of blood, saying, "That should hold you till we can get you to the doc." He then picked up Hogface's gun from the dust and crawled back into the underbrush at the other side of the trail. He lay low and waited.

Presently he heard footsteps. Then he saw Ned Bluster break into the open, grumbling, "Well, that kid has disappeared into thin air. Now we've lost all chance to save Montana. The kid was right, Hogface. You are the biggest fool in the whole West!"

Ned heard a voice behind him saying, "No, that's wrong. I've changed my mind again. I think you, Ned Bluster, are the biggest fool in the whole West!"

The outlaw did not challenge the statement. He dropped his Colt and raised his hands. He kept his thoughts to himself. That hard cylinder, pressed against his back, made him do so.

Later, when Gary White Jr. rode to the office of Sheriff Gary White Sr., leading a horse that carried the last two members of the Wild Bunch, harmless and completely trussed up, young Gary was acclaimed as a hero.

The townsfolk of Blue Springs said he was a chip off the old block, which was the finest compliment young Gary could have wanted. It seemed to make his father extremely happy, too.

In the privacy of the sheriff's office, Gary told his father the details of the whole adventure. He told of how the outlaws had waylaid him on the trail and of their plan to try to make the sheriff trade a jailed killer for the safe return of his own son. "Well," continued the boy, "I didn't have any plan, but I sure enough didn't want to be traded for a sidewinder like Montana, even if you'd have been willing." So I started talking and—well—I was lucky."

THE sheriff patted his son on the shoulder. Gary Jr. continued, "But I was a coward. I was scared the whole time!"

It was the lawman's turn to chuckle. "My boy, being scared isn't what makes a coward. Everybody who comes face to face with death is scared. I'm scared 'most every time I go out on a job. But if a fellow does his best *in spite of being scared*, then he's not a coward. He's a real hero!"

THE END



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LARUE is currently playing at your local movie house in

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| ✱ OUTLAW COUNTRY | ✱ MARK OF THE LASH |
| ✱ SON OF BILLY THE KID | ✱ FRONTIER REVENGE |
| ✱ DEAD MAN'S GOLD | ✱ SON OF A BAD MAN |

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LARUE picture!

Lash LARUE

When the people of Sunset Patch erected a solid gold statue in memory of the great general who had fought so courageously in the great War Between The States, they had no idea that the general's last stand was to be the first step in a wild and wooly adventure involving the fearless roving marshal, **Lash LaRue!**



The GENERAL'S LAST STAND

One afternoon, in Sunset Patch —

THERE'S THE SOLID GOLD STATUE OF THE GENERAL, JUST LIKE I TOLD YUH, SUTTER!

I SEE IT, BRUSH! BUT WHAT MAKES YUH THINK WE COULD GET AWAY WITH IT?



EVER SINCE THE TORNADO KNOCKED ALL THE BUILDINGS DOWN ON THIS STREET, THERE'S BEEN NO ONE AROUND BUT THOSE KIDS! ALL WE HAVE TO DO, SUTTER, IS DIG UP ITS FOUNDATION AND THEN CART IT OFF!





Seconds later —

AND AS I WAS
CLOSING MY EYES
TO COUNT, I SAW
THEM RIDING
OFF THAT WAY!

I'VE COME ACROSS MANY
STRANGE ROBBERIES IN MY
TIME, BUT THIS IS THE
STRANGEST — STEALING
A GOLD STATUE!

ONE THING'S SURE,
THEY COULDN'T GO FAR
WITH A SOLID GOLD
STATUE! I'M GOING TO
SEE IF I CAN PICK UP
THE WAGON'S
TRAIL!

FINE, LASH! IN THE MEAN-
WHILE, I'M GOING TO ROUND
UP A POSSE AND CLOSE OFF
ALL THE POSSIBLE
ROUTES OUT
OF TOWN!

Meanwhile —

THE AXLE'S
GONE, ALL
RIGHT!

THE WEIGHT OF
THAT STATUE DID
IT! NOW WHAT?
BY NOW THE WHOLE
TOWN'S PROBABLY
LOOKING FOR IT!

WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO HIDE
IT SOME
PLACE UNTIL
WE CAN GET
A NEW WAGON!

THAT'S EASIER SAID
THAN DONE! WHERE
DO YUN EXPECT TO
FIND A PLACE TO
HIDE A SOLID
GOLD STATUE?

WE COULD LOWER IT DOWN THAT
WELL ON THIS RANCH! NO ONE
WOULD EVER THINK OF LOOKING
FOR IT THERE! NOW COME ON!
GIVE ME A HAND MOVING IT
BEFORE SOMEONE COMES
ALONG!

Shortly after —

OHAY, NOW,
HOLD TIGHT
TO THE ROPE AS WE LET IT DOWN!
WHEN WE'VE LET IT DOWN FAR
ENOUGH, WE CAN TIE THIS
END OF THE ROPE
TO THE WELL!

WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN THE RANCHER
COMES TO GET
SOME WATER?

WE'LL THINK
ABOUT THAT
WHEN IT
HAPPENS.

THEN YOU'D BETTER
START THINKING,
PRONTO! HERE
COMES THE
OWNER
NOW!

I DIDN'T SEE WHAT YUN WERE
PUTTING DOWN THE WELL, BUT
WHATEVER IT WAS, YUN PULL IT
RIGHT UP AND TAKE IT!
AND YORSELVES
OFF MY PROPERTY!

YUN TALK
TOO MUCH
FOR AN OLD
MAN AND...









**NOW ACHIEVED FOR
THE FIRST TIME!**

**A HANDLEBAR THAT'S A PERFECT SHOCK ABSORBER
GIVING A MOST COMFORTABLE, SAFE-FLOATING RIDE**

the Gazda
SPRING
HANDLEBARS
PATENTED ALL OVER THE WORLD



**ALL SHOCKS ABSORBED
UNBREAKABLE
FITS ANY BICYCLE
UNBENDABLE**

The GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle—Motorcycle with its high quality steel spring element, is scientifically designed to eliminate all shocks and vibrations to the rider which even the most expensive

Spring Fork cannot do. This magic patented Spring Element is enclosed in a rustproof high polished flexible CHROME-NUM Bar, giving smoothness to every Bicycle—Motorcycle.

SAFETY • COMFORT • SMARTNESS • FOR ONLY \$4.95 POST PAID
(ASK FOR GAZDA Spring Handlebars for Bicycles—Motorcycles—give Make & Model)

MAIL COUPON

AMERICAN OCTAGONAL CORP.
(Bicycle Department)
Providence, R. I.

Please rush me one GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle. I am enclosing Check — Money Order for \$4.95.

Name _____

Address _____

100% MONEY BACK

Guarantee

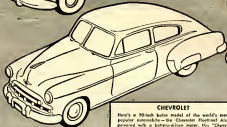
If these handlebars do not prove to be the safest and most comfortable you have ridden with, your money will be immediately refunded.

HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make the accurate 12-inch Buick model complete with axles and wheels and tread. Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can show the model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 217.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch sedan model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet! Powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** (Post Service, Four-cott-Building, Greenrich, Conn. Please write by name of plan and the number



RED RYDER
is America's
Most Famous
Comic Strip
Cowboy!

Does not order B-B
Guns or shot dis-
cuss SEE YOUR
DEALER for prices
higher Rockies,
West, Canada).

EARN YOUR DAISY ...I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!

—Red Ryder

Let Red Ryder and Daisy show you how to earn money to buy a Daisy B-B Gun! Get your copy of Daisy's brand new **BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDE BOOK**—just out. Read page after page of money-making tips—how and where to get sparetime jobs—how to keep track of your earnings—how to interest Dad in your plans—Red Ryder comic strip revealing how real cowboys earn their guns, saddles, spurs—many other features! **BOY MONEY-MAKER** (with **DAISY CATALOG**) costs only 10¢ plus unused 3¢ stamp but it may help you own a Daisy in a few days! So, if you're willing to work to earn a Daisy—order "**MONEY-MAKER**" now—it shows you how. Mail coupon!

SHOOT THE FAMOUS **DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER** COWBOY CARBINE

designed by STEPHEN SODERBERG & S

Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy's saddle gun! Carbine Ring with leather scabbard thong attached. **RED RYDER's** name, picture, horse branded on Pistol Grip Stock. Ask Dad to buy your Daisy Cowboy Carbine now at your favorite hardware, sports goods or department store. Only \$4.95.

NO 111
COW CARBINE
\$4.95



**MONEY
MAKER with
CATALOG
ONLY 10¢**
Plus
Unused 3¢ Stamp

SAY, PARTNER!
COWBOYS EARN
THEIR OWN MONEY
TO BUY THEIR
SHOOTIN' IRONS...
WHY DON'T YOU?
SEND COUPON FOR
DAISY'S NEW
BOY MONEY-MAKER—
IT SHOWS YOU HOW!
—Red Ryder



DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 1235, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
☐ **BOY MONEY-MAKER GUIDEBOOK & CATALOG.** I enclose dime (10¢ coin) and unused 3¢ stamp for **MONEY-MAKER** with latest **DAISY CATALOG**. (Rush postpaid!)
☐ **125-PAGE HANDBOOK NO. 2 & CATALOG.** I enclose 10¢ in coin, plus unused 3¢ stamp for your thick, 125-page, pocket-size **HANDBOOK** of careers, cowboy lore, rocket darts, how to build things, etc.—including latest **DAISY CATALOG**. (Rush postpaid)
☐ **MONEY-MAKER, HANDBOOK NO. 2, CATALOG.** I enclose 25¢ in coin. (Rush postpaid).

Name.....
 St. & No.....
 City..... State.....

GET THIS DAISY B-B GUN 'N SCOPE TARGET OUTFIT



NO 121
COMPLETE
OUTFIT
\$7.50

Outfit contains **RED RYDER** Carbine with mounted telescopic Sight, Bell Ringing Metal Target, Target Cord, Eye-Strainer, supply of accurate Daisy Bulls Eye Shot, Shooting Manual. Ideal for Father and Son target shooting. Complete outfit, only \$7.50 at dealers.

**SHOOT DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT... TAILOR-MADE
AT THE DAISY FACTORY FOR**

DAISY B * B GUNS

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